

Sturminster Newton, Jan. 12th. 1857.

Dear Father & Mother,

We have been quite experiencing English climate this last week, in dull days, rainy morn., & otherwise frequent showers. The weather is very mild, more like our April, & one feels that it is so; yet this dampness makes me very chilly, in doors & out, though one cannot say now it is because I do not exercise, for I am quite a walker - I truly long for a good, sharp, clear, frosty day. I declare, father, when I left home I should not have believed you would have written me so few letters! And neither would I have believed I should have borne it so patiently - For though I long to see your handwriting when I open the weekly budget, I could say we are no longer so necessary, now that you find all you want at your side; & it is a happy thought - Don't I grow sleek? I begin to feel very much so, & not to think I am of half so much importance in the world as I fancied. In truth you have quite spoiled me at home, among you all; & I lay some of my sins at your door; - it does me good to change quarters, & find your own world, & to be about the same without you; & that this side of the wilderness is not so wonderfully enlivened by your presence; that indeed you see no describable addition to it in any way, except that indeed you leave the contributions of your very sure. As for your commission about the sons, dear father, I can do nothing now. When we are in London perhaps I may be able. It is a weighty responsibility; and I think a good idea would be for you & mother to take a little trip across the Atlantic, ^{or choose} yourselves - This next year will be quite memorable with the grand Exhibition, almost worth a trip across the Atlantic itself, and I am sure you would both enjoy it so very much - Only I warn beforehand, it costs, & it costs, & it costs! But then it is worth some self-denial at home. And if one will resolutely resist the temptations of shops ac. se. you may keep the matter within bounds -

But to continue the account of the dump of this smallest suite in the vast ocean of humanity - Friday, after I had completed my letters, made myself ready to dine at the Hoole's. Mother will be glad to hear

that I did not go in short sleeves - I fancy Miss Prokes never wears them as her chest is weak, she always wears high dresses, so here I am spared that fashion - They had written me at noon, to say as it was so wet & should probably ride, that perhaps I would be so obliging as to bring Miss Muller. So I sent the note over to the lady to explain matters & ordered the fly there at 5 1/2, which duly went, & then came for me - It was rather an odd introduction, for as it was dark I could not see whether the lady were old or young, handsome or ugly - I could hear she had a sweet voice - So we rode up together, they call it a mile, & when fairly in the hall placed at each other quite civilly, as we unlaced - She was not young, & I learned later than she had charge of her brother's children, himself in India, & had them here in Kew at her house, superintending their education. She was very pleasant & we had a pleasant evening. Dr. Wallich could not come having a cold in his chest; but we found there Mr. Bentham, a botanist of the Junji tribe, who was passing a day or two with them. Poor Sir William's lumbago still kept him prisoner up stairs so that we could not have the pleasure of his company -

Wednesday Ev. My letters which duly came yesterday morning set me quite wild with the news that Uncle Charles was probably in London - One felt it to be quite provoking to be so far off & not know how to get at him - I wrote to him at once, enclosing it to Dr. Booth, (feeling sure he would go there) begging him to come & pass today with us - And sat by the window all that afternoon staring at every passer-by - This morning I again took my weary look at the window, but no one came, & Dr. Gray came back to lunch at 12 1/2 to see if Dr. B. were here, & as we had heard nothing from him, agreed to go to London & see if he could hear anything of him, while I staid if perchance he came - Mr. Ward came for a few minutes, & I went to let him into the garden with my private key, & after an errand, hastened back; but no one appeared during my absence - Presently a note came from Dr. Booth, dated yesterday Ev, in which he said he had heard nothing of Dr. Putnam - At dusk Dr. Gray came back, & was surprised not to find Uncle Charles here - we had been at Dr. Booth's in the morning, saw Mad. Booth, & meant to come at once here, but I suppose something was fascinated him the other way - They said he meant to go to Paris tomorrow - Dear me! I shall cry if he goes & I have not seen him! It is shocking sometimes to be so far away! - And I dare not go to find him, lest we cross each other -

Thursday Ev. This morning before breakfast Uncle Charles came - How glad we were to see him! He staid & breakfasted with us, & then we went over new, and with him, with which he seemed quite delighted - I suppose we were about three hours - then he must come back to take the omnibus into town, as he was to go this afternoon to Folkestone to go tomorrow to Paris. He met Sir Wm. in the museum - How pleasant it was to see a home face! Only the moment he was gone there were so many things to ask & to say! It seems as if we only saw him a moment - He seemed in good spirits, though he looked thin - And had a pretty rough voyage - He means to be in London again in April, & then I hope he will have more time - But to get back to my journal, which left off on last Friday Ev. The only thing I can remember of Saturday, was getting a note from Mrs. Bentham, at Boulogne, to see a been quite ill, through thin much better; and that I posted off at once to Lady Brooker with the intelligence, where I found Lady Fanny & Mr. Howard calling that is to say their names were so called, but being dark I could not see them - Sunday morning we went to New Church, & had the service performed over in such a manner that it was really painful, & heard a sermon on the Trinity the strength of whose reasonings & quotations you may judge when I say he quoted John Chap as our Saviour admitting he was God leaving out the word or omitted, for it is too solemn & too beautiful, to be so many parts of course to which I can never respond; but the whole congregation joining as they do, & they do heartily in the English Church services - Then all kneel & cannot look about, & I have been struck with the general air of devotion - I've also making the service so important a thing, brings before people more forcibly than ever, that they do so much to worship & praise God as much, fully as to be instructed - The sermon seems to be with us often, so entirely what a congregation assemble for - Here the service is the great object of the gathering of the congregation - Unfortunately it has had too much effect on the sermons, which are more generally inferior, & partly also, I suppose, because the church is so much a sort of pension-

ing of younger sons - But I should like to give our service some of the
worship & the devotional spirit of the English; & to give that some of the
exuberant prayer & some of the culpeit eloquence of ours -

In the afternoon we walked in the gardens, though we had
a drizzling rain - I wish, dear father, you could see this superb garden-
house. It seems like taking a stroll in an enchanted garden - And
I was delighted with a dear little robin which came, narrowly escap-
ing towards ^{us} leaving as it were crumbs. They say the little creatures
often get thus in the Pennines; I wish they were called) & stay all
winter - Monday morn^g I walked again to Richmond to do
some little errands, & subscribe to the circulating library - We paid
£1.75 for 4 weeks; have out, say 3 volumes of a work & 2 other
books at a time, & keep them as long as we please; the man sends
to New cross day. Newspapers here are very expensive, 1d. - 12 cts. each
number, & they are set out by five o'clock, a penny an hour - We have
it the first on the evening & keep it all night, & so pay 2d. - Miss
Hooker came to see me Monday afternoon - The more I see of her
the better I like her. She is not handsome, but (now an admirable face;
has dark eyes & hair, is thin & tall; & simple & sincere in manner, with-
out any display, though at first a little formal, perhaps. Lady
Hooker has too much manner to be agreeable to me, though she is very
kind, - And has a warm heart - She is constantly sending us some-
thing; a hat of mine better; Brunel's brown for dinner, a little pot of
Devonshire cream, &c. &c. the cream is the Clotted or Stotted cream so
renowned, & is very nice; something between butter & cheese; a very
good substitute for butter on bread, but particularly nice on a damp
day. - Tuesday came the welcome letters - from Susan, Charlie, &
from Aunt Mary, with which I was perfectly delighted! - How strangely
come now all your kind condolences over Dr. Gray's accident (as almost
well you) - But the kind sympathy is always pleasant - The letter
about the accident is not journal, & Sue is welcome to keep it - Aunt Mary seems
to be a long way behind in the journal, only at Geneva! I don't think I should
have been at all shocked to see ^{we} Journal on it. No coat on Sunday, but rather
have thought it very objectionable - Thanks, many thanks, for the ^{document} paper!
I shall certainly go to Harmondsworth the first time in London - They be so ^{pleasing} ^{as}
to cut out for me every week, the list of passengers who sail in the ^{steamers} ^{and} ^{send} ^{to} ^{the} ^{papers} ^{here} ^{and} ^{by} ^{getting} ^{them} ^{from} ^{you}, I should
never have them in the papers here - And by getting them from you, I should
sometimes hear of people's coming that I should be glad to see -

I quite long to hear about New Year & all that was done - That a disagreeable
adventure for Joanna & Sigge Tutnam! I should think it would haunt
them like the night-mare - I had a very pleasant letter last week
from Mrs. Ludhampton - She is so very sweet & lovely! She lost a little,
infant last summer, a peculiarly lovely & interesting child from all ac-
counts; she never mentioned its death while we were in Dublin,
but writes so very sweetly about it! - I had a note too from Dr. Harvey
Monday, playful as usual, in which he says that he had been pre-
sentsing a report of Donations in Trin. Col. Herb. to the Committee to be printed,
& in it is, "Specimens of Indian Corn from Patrick & Charles Loring Jackson!"
That pleasant recollection I have of a Dublin letter - It is our sympha-
thetic letter, brings back how much we owe them!

As I have already said, I got the letters Tuesday, & as they brought
news of Uncle Charley's arrival in England, I did not dare to stir out
but for a very few minutes, lest he should come while I was gone -
in the morning Dr. Ward, with a collection of his own seeds
which is in the "Garden," I went in with him, & went over the
Museum - This is a collection which Sir Wm. has begun, the last 3 or
4 years, of reputable productions, manufactures, &c. for instance, Flax in
all stages, from the rough fibre to damasks, linens, & delicate handker-
chiefs; laces of various kinds; straw manufactures; fruits, Blossoms, &c. &c.
His specimens of Indian Corn are not as good as might be, & indeed, good
ears you may have to spare for me but aside, dear Papa, for we have
promised to improve the collection if we can - There was one thing
which would have interested you very much, dear father, ingenious
cross-sections, showing how the wood of trees was injured by burning;
the wounds never healing, & decay slowly going on, though exteriorly cover-
ed with new wood & bark - Indeed the Museum is a very interesting
place - Wednesday, I have already said, I sat like "Patience on a
Monument," waiting & hoping for Dr. P. - Mr. Ward laudatized me once
by coming to see us in the afternoon, & I ventured out for a few minutes
to let them into the garden by our private key - He came partly to
persuade us to reconsider an invitation. To a party they have tomorrow
evening, but we do not wish to go to large parties at present, & Dr. P. is
unfit; so we persisted in refusal - But this morning my patience
was rewarded by seeing Dr. P. - This afternoon I have been to call on
the Brookers; and stay to finish some of my letters this Ev. so we dine
there tomorrow -

Do you the quiet economy of our days here? Mothers will be amused, if father is not. We are knocked ^{up} by our good-landlady at 7 1/2, who brings warm water. - And, by the way, the English are decidedly effeminate in the use of warm water, if one may judge by the way they always supply it, when they suppose you have any ideas of ablutions - I've used to have 6 kettles full a day at Pontilas, until I reduced the vapors to 4 - namely in the morning one at each washstand, at dressing time again, & at bed time. - It was brought in little tea-kettles, one most capital things for keeping water hot, & a block stood on the lower shelf of each washstand to put them on - but this is a depression, while we are dressing - We are generally ready for breakfast about 8 1/2 or 9, & on ringing the bell the old lady brings up the teacettle & sets it on the plate, & then the waiter brings up the tea-pot, cups, &c. &c. a loaf of bread, & a piece of butter; the same takes its place; so with butter, & everything - We have a toasting fork, & while I get the sugar & tea from the cup-board & make tea, Dr. Gray toasts his bread. - And now the little fish, which Lady H. sent us, & which are sprats - not herrings, a capital little seasoners & relishers too. - The breakfast over, Dr. Gray takes hat & coat & departs to Sir Wm's. I occupy myself reading, writing, sewing, &c. take one walk, & the time passes very quickly. - The loaf & butter reappear on a tray neatly covered with a towel, for my lunch. - In the morning I say what we will have for dinner, & give out a pair of candles - The table is laid for dinner & Dr. Gray comes home a little before 5. - The Cook asks, "what beer will you have today, Madam?" & goes to the public house with a pitcher for a pint of stout or ale, & her return is the signal to bring up dinner. - Of course our meals are very simple, but very good. - We have excellent beef & mutton, & such turnips I have never seen, so deliciously good before! - Then cabbages are sent different from the coarse, strong things with us - so nice we both take to them - And curled Kale & Brussels sprouts are an agreeable variety. - For dinner, what is not eaten is carefully laid by, & a corner of a pudding & only scabbards, & the remains of meat. - After dinner is cleared away we are busy, & tea ^{preparations for} is brought at 7 1/2, Tea kettle, the loaf, & butter again. - at 10 o'clock the old lady puts her head in at the door, to know if we will have anything more this evening? and we generally go to bed about 11 1/2. - We burn a pair of candles every evening? But I long sometimes for our fair French soap - Monday morn'g, comes on our bills, & all the items for food & coals. - And so the weeks go by - I say give very affectionate love to all, & do not be too much astonished, if my next letter is from Paris. -
From your ever loving
cousin

Dr. Gray sends his best love to all, & thanks for the kind sympathy. And Aunt's joins in the wish, & says, & remains, & sends in